

# WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

## OH, WON'T CHICAGO "KNOCK" NEW YORK!

AND "ROAST" THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S LEAGUE.

**Mrs. Emma Beckwith's Compliments to Mrs. Sarah Knowles, President of the League, and Please Say that Mrs. Beckwith Thinks Mrs. Knowles Is Making an Awful Mistake in Taking the Ill-Named Woman's Exhibition to the Windy City.**

The Woman's Exhibition last October, which stirred up such a row in the Professional Woman's League, is liable to raise another rumble in the same body.

Mrs. Sarah Knowles, President of the League, departed last Sunday for Chicago, to see the exhibition.



MRS. SARAH KNOWLES.

Chicago, where she is to co-operate with Mr. A. Brady in giving the same exhibition in February.

As soon as Mrs. Knowles left several inquires in and out of the League began nagging. The League doesn't want to endorse the show, and isn't endorsing it really, so some members say, but the active presence of its President in the management of the Chicago duplicate of the Madison Square Garden exhibition is, of course, regarded as a virtual declaration that the League is "standing for" it.

One woman thinks it will give Chicago a fine chance to "knock" the New York Professional Woman's League. This is how she looks upon the new Brady-Knowles venture.

"The idea of Mrs. Knowles taking such an exhibition into Chicago is really dreadful," said Mrs. Emma M. Beckwith, a former prominent member of the Professional Woman's League, and a staunch adherent of Mrs. A. M. Palmer in her recent criticism of the Woman's Exhibition.

"The exhibition at Madison Square Garden was had enough for New York, but I do not think Chicago will tolerate it. I am surprised that a greater protest has not been made by the women against the Woman's Exhibition being made in Chicago.

"The prospectus of the exhibition given in Madison Square Garden was very fine, but the exhibition was not a realization of the prospectus. The Woman's Exhibition was ostensibly an exhibit of woman's work from the very beginning up to the present time.

"Instead of showing the achievements of women it was converted into a place where queer young women were permitted to exhibit themselves.

**ELKS' TEETH IN INDIAN GRAVE**  
Eight hundred elk's teeth in the grave of an Indian chief, all splendid specimens and susceptible of mounting, was the wonderful find of a Philadelphia curio hunter named Zimmerman, who has been gathering relics along the canyon of the tortuous Snake River for several months, says the San Francisco Call.

Zimmerman dug into the grave, which was in a wild, barren, and remote country along the Snake River, above Lewiston, Idaho. Some distance down he encountered several small bones, which on examination proved to be magnificent specimens of elk's teeth, and on scooping away the earth with his hands he found that a loose tunic wrapped around the ex-chief's skeleton had been literally crammed with teeth—the best obtainable in the days when elk were plentiful. Zimmerman took his find to Lewiston for shipment to Philadelphia, keeping very quiet about the discovery. One man to whom he confided the secret offered him \$10 apiece for the 400 with the red streak.

## HATS FOR WOMEN AND WOMEN FOR HATS.

No woman under 5 feet 4 inches should wear a large hat. No woman of imposing height should wear a tiny chapeau. The short woman should abjure flying ends; they make her seem even shorter. Don't expect your acquaintances to say a new hat is anything but "becoming" to you, no matter how you look under it. It is "polite" to admire it; don't be satisfied with such admiration.

If you have doubts as to the hat you have, or intend purchasing, put it on, and with a hand glass stand at a good mirror. Note your defects and your good points—remembering all the unkind, as well as the kind things said about your various features, your coloring, etc. Look for the bad points, note those that are accentuated and those that are modified.

Next take the good ones, observe which are brought out and which are lessened. Pitch the hat at different angles and study yourself again. Bend the brow in here, then out there; push a spray or a flower here and there; pull a bow so as to stand out this way or that. In other words, ring all the changes on the hat. If satisfied, wear it. If not, don't stop until you are.

Never forget that the coiffure is important; that by puffing the hair out in one spot to fill a cavity, or smoothing it back in another, results are to be obtained. Always remember that the way a hat is put on may spoil your appearance, or render it much more attractive.

One day you may be able to wear your hat at such an angle, the next your hair isn't quite the same, you are depressed, your face a bit pinched, and it does not look well worn in the same position and at the same angle it did yesterday, when you were happy. Take out the pins and rearrange it. Perhaps you will have to bend the brim. A tilt to the fore or the rear will often work wonders.

**Letters—Queries—Answers.**

**The Chilly "L" Station.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The Manhattan Railroad Company has for the past month or more indulged in a most shameful sort of economy in neglecting to supply its stations with fuel. The employees suffer. It is true a few stations were supplied with coal. There are a few supplied with coal in the shopping districts, but most of the stations are entirely neglected. The company may say it cannot get coal, but I have had no difficulty in getting a half ton for my kitchen stove and paid for it \$3.40.

**A Resignation Note.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How can I write out a resignation? I am a member of a Euchre Club and wish to resign.  
E. S. E.

There is no set form of resignation from an informal euchre club. Send a

note to the secretary, saying you regret that you find it necessary to resign your membership, stating briefly your reason, and thanking the members for the pleasure you have derived from the club.

**Duck's Weight Is 20 Pounds.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If a duck weighs ten pounds plus one-half of its own weight what is the weight of the duck?  
J. G. J.

**Presidential Terms.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How many terms can a President serve?  
J. K. S.

There is no law restricting the number of terms.

**History and Melodies.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where could I find a copy of an Irish history, likewise a copy of Moore's Irish songs?  
J. G. J.

You can buy them at almost any good

book store. If you wish merely to glance over them and not buy them apply at the Astor Library.

**"Light-Horse Harry."**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where was "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, who fought the British, born?

H. B. R.

born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, Jan. 29, 1764.

**The First Thanksgiving.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What was the date of the first Thanksgiving Day and by whom appointed?

A. R.

Gov. Bradford appointed the first Thanksgiving Day, in Massachusetts, 1621.

**Thanksgiving, 1883, Was Nov. 29.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What date did Thanksgiving fall on in the year of 1883?

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A Stirring Romance in Which Two Women Are Pitted Against Each Other in a Contest for One Man's Heart.

## SHE LOVED HIM.

BY CHARLES GARVIE.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lord Clyde Leyton, a young spendthrift, married Bessie Harewood, a multi-millionaire. She does not know his true name and rank. He is loved by Lady Ethel, who resolves to separate him from Bessie. Through the aid of Lord Clyde, who later leaves Clyde, Lady Ethel secures an interview with Bessie during Clyde's absence from home.

Lady Ethel persuades Bessie that Clyde's future depends on her giving him up.

Urged by Lady Ethel, Bessie leaves home and goes back on the music hall stage. A fire occurs there and a child is killed. Bessie is rescued, is found, Clyde, on learning of this, falls ill.

Recovering, he goes abroad for a year. On his return he is invited to visit his aunt, the Duchess of Swarthmore. Ethel is among the guests.

There Ethel tries in vain to win his love, and manages to let him see how much she loves him.

Clyde's father is on the brink of financial ruin. Nothing but a cleverly planned scheme can save him. Actuated by this, Clyde proposes to her and is accepted.

Bessie has, meantime, since her escape from

"No, I think not," said Clyde. "She is in the drawing-room."

"She was, my lord," said Agatha. "I was there when I came up-stairs."

"Come along, then," said Lady Ethel. "Agatha, I have a quick movement that placed her almost in front of her mistress."

"With your ladyship stay for a few minutes," said Agatha. "I would like to try it on, to show you."

Lady Ethel looked at her with cold and haughty displeasure.

"The Duchess and the Wife."

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Bessie.

"What till I return," she said; and her response would have been more insolent but for Clyde's presence.

"It will only take five minutes, my lady," pleaded Agatha, her lips setting tightly, a strange look in her eyes.

Lady Ethel stared at her. Then she turned to Clyde.

"Poor Agatha is nearly distracted by the work and excitement," she said with pitying contempt. "Remain here till I come back, please. Come along, Clyde."

Lady Ethel, followed somewhat leisurely by Clyde, hurried to the great drawing-room, where the Duchess was still superintending Bessie's work. Several other guests and members of the family went there with her to inspect the jewels.

They found the drawing-room door locked.

"The door is locked!" she said, with some surprise, to a footman.

"Yes, my lady," he said. "The Duchess locked it. The work-people are arranging the flowers."

"I see," said Lady Ethel, and she knocked at the door.

The Duchess herself unlocked it.

"Well, what is it? Oh, it's you, Ethel! Come in."

Lady Ethel laughed.

"What mystery is going on?" she said. "Is it meant for a surprise?"

She looked around quickly; her eyes were centred on the lockers she held in her hand, and she scarcely noticed the graceful figure standing on the steps with a wreath in her hand.

"Look, Duchess," she said. "Aren't they lovely? They really are the prettiest lockers I have ever seen. The girls will be so delighted with them. I want you to come upstairs when Clyde presents them. You can't see them here, the room is getting almost dark. Come to the light," and she went with her soft, gliding step toward the window.

To reach it she had to pass the steps, and it was only natural that she should look up. She did look up, and then stood still as if she had been struck by lightning. The Duchess followed her, but stopped.

"What is it, Ethel?" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? What are you staring at?"

"Ethel's hand shook, and the lockers dropped with a clink and clash to the carpet, but she did not heed them. She stood there, looking up at the Duchess, and she scarcely noticed the graceful figure standing on the steps with a wreath in her hand.

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